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**THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE**
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1900.

VOLUME LXXVII.—No. 1212.
Price 10 Cents.



HAD THE DEAR BOY ON HIS KNEES.

BURLESQUERS PUT A STAGE DOOR MASHER THROUGH HIS PACES, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.



RICHARD K. FOX
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
NEW YORK AND LONDON

Saturday, November 10, 1900

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FINE HALFTONE SUPPLEMENTS
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FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK CITY

MORE LETTERS.

MONTRAL, Oct. 13, 1900.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: You cannot imagine how much I am pleased and delighted with my photo. It is perfect, and I cannot thank you enough for your kindness. I will always praise your ever great weekly and get as many of my friends as I can to become readers of the world's greatest sporting paper, THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE. It should be in the hands of every lover of sport in the land. I am very fond of my files, and in the evening, when I do not go out, I look over all the back numbers. I never get tired looking at them. I am always longing for Saturday to come so that I can get the POLICE GAZETTE, for I cannot get along without it. Out of all the papers that I've met, There's none to beat the POLICE GAZETTE. It's the only paper in the land That holds it's own and takes command. Another thing I will let you know, The POLICE GAZETTE is all the go. So always get the POLICE GAZETTE, For it is the best you will ever get.

THOMAS J. HOGAN.

PORTSMOUTH, O., Oct. 5, 1900.

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Respectfully yours,
BILLY DEERING,
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FROM THE MIMIC WORLD

---BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM---

OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked Up Here and There About the Actors and Actresses of Vaudeville.

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Hattie Wade Mack has joined the stock company of the Parlor Theatre, Duluth, for a season of twelve weeks.

Henry Lee, the impersonator, has canceled all the time he had with the Association, and in future will play outside houses only.

Montgomery and Stone are the most recent acquisitions to the Sam Scribner show. They go on the road with the "straight" company.

Owing to Matthews and Edwards dissolving partnership Harry C. Edwards has joined hands with Harry Ivel, Tom Devine and Dave Rubin. They will be known as the Capital City Quartette.

Herbert and Willing have finished playing the Proctor circuit. They are now on the Keith circuit, opening at Boston, with Providence, New York and Philadelphia to follow in the order named.

E. Howard, the "mysterious comedian," has met with success in his novel musical act, entitled "Rubberneck and the Farmer." His imitation of Ching Ling Foo, in which he produces apparently from

a small cloth a kitchen stove, tub, barrel and palm tree, is said to be very effective.

The Burton-Lowando Circus made a hit at Koster & Bial's last week.

Josie Ashton, the celebrated bareback rider, is rehearsing a new and novel act.

Harry Thomson, the clever monologue artist, is making a hit with his club work.

The Elinore Sisters are getting very near to the top. They are on the Proctor circuit.

The Ruby Sisters are doing a very nice dancing act, which has been well received.

Nat Wills, who is working alone, is as good as any three tramp comedians in the business.

James Richmond Glenroy, the man with the green gloves, is imitated successfully by Emma Carus.

Newell and Nibley are in their seventh week with "Midnight in Chinatown," and their musical act is one of the features of the production.

The Bison City Quartette are with the Empire Vaudevillians, which opened the season at the Auditorium Theatre, Baltimore, Oct. 1.

Willard Hutchinson has been engaged by Isabelle Urquhart to support her in her sketch, "Even Stephen." He opened recently at Proctor's.

Charles Horwitz has written a new act for Howard and Bland, called "A Strange Boy," which they will produce in San Francisco shortly.

Lizzie and Vinie Daly have embellished their dancing act. They are using a new drop, which they showed at Keith's for the first time recently.

Al. Hamilton and Company are to produce in vaudeville "The Dancing Master," a comedietta by Philander Johnson, of the Washington Evening Star.

Scott and Wilson in a new and original comedy acrobatic specialty, are making a hit with James Jeffries' "A Man From the West" Company.

The Two Jacks, Boyce and Wilson, are with the Rentz-Santley company, doing their specialty, and Jack Wilson playing opposite comedy parts to Charles Robinson.

Cheridah Simpson's refined musical act made a pronounced hit at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre last week. She introduces several melodious novelties.

"Tessie" Maxwell, a society youth of Los Angeles, Cal., made his stage debut with Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur recently as a "supe" in the sketch, "A Bird and a Bottle."

W. A. Robinson has doubled with Curtis Speck, of the Speck Brothers. They have played Hammerstein's New York, Boston Music Hall, Trenton Fair, and will play other dates.

Irving Brooks, who is appearing in vaudeville with Kathryn Osterman, has captured the critics by his artistic performances and his adherence to purely legitimate means to get a laugh.

Lassard Brothers are in their second week with the W. B. Watson American Beauties company, and report that they are one of the biggest hits in the olio. They are engaged for the season.

Nellie Sylvester is this season principal boy with T. W. Dinkins' Utopians. In the olio she presents her singing specialty as a leading number and she carries a leading part in the opening farce.

Gail Yomtee Wolff, a society woman of St. Louis, made her vaudeville debut last week at the Columbia Theatre in that city, in a sketch called "Woman's Wiles," written by William Young.

Rose Carlin and her sister, Ida Mantell, of the Bohemian Burlesques, state that they were recently left a large sum of money by an uncle abroad. They will sail for Europe in the spring and will retire from the stage.

McKay and Lawrence are playing through Utah and Colorado, and are booked solid until after the holidays. Billy McKay was initiated into the Fraternal Order of Eagles while playing the Salt Palace, Salt Lake City, Sept. 6.

The Loraine Hollis Company rendered six good performances at the Academy of Music, Allentown, Pa., during week of Oct. 8. The sketch team, Edward Warren and Alice Howard, introducing wit, humor, songs and an operatic medley, scored an enviable hit.

H. A. D'Arcy has written a sketch for Julius D. Cowles and Carrington A. Phelps, entitled "The Gold Brick," which will be produced in vaudeville this season. Mr. Cowles' role is Silas Pennyfield, a New Jersey rose farmer, the opposite role being Lightning Jim, a confidence man.

BOOKS WORTH READING

"The Fate of a Libertine," "Devil's Compact," "Woman and Her Lovers," "A Fatal Sin," and "A Persian Sultan," 25 cents each. Mailed to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Vaudeville Performers Are Requested To Send Their Advance Dates For Publication in Police Gazette

TORTURED TO DEATH

BY ANGRY MEN OF UTAH

WAS THIS GRAVE ROBBER

Awful End of Jean Baptiste, Who Made Money by Stripping the Clothes From the Newly-buried Dead.

HOW HE WAS COMPELLED TO CONFESS HIS CRIME.

Later He Was Removed to Antelope Island, Where His Head Was Encased in an Iron Helmet and He Was Chained to a Tree.

In one of the rooms of Police Headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah, there is on exhibition three most gruesome objects—a human skull, a leg bone, to which is attached a ball and chain, and an iron helmet. There is a story behind these souvenirs which is worth telling.

Many years ago Frenchman named Jean Baptiste went from California to Utah and joined the Mormons at Salt Lake City. He became very well known and was raised to a position of trust. About a year after his arrival the community was startled by the news that some ghoul was robbing the graves of the dead in the little cemetery. There was an investigation, but nothing came of it.

A few days later a woman was passing the Baptiste home, when she saw through the window a baby's dress hanging on a chair. She was startled. The dress looked exactly like one that her dead baby wore when it was laid in the grave a short time before.

She went close to the window and peered in.

It was the same dress, for she recognized the stitches and the embroidery on which she had bestowed so much loving care.

The woman nearly collapsed with horror and indignation. She hastened to tell her story to Policeman Henry Heath, who is still living, and to Captain Burt, the chief.

Officers searched the Baptiste house and found the basement filled with garments of the dead. Baptiste was lodged in the town jail.

A dance was in progress at the schoolhouse. The fiddler was doing his liveliest, and the air was filled with the confusion of music, the tramp of feet and the voice of the caller, when the musician suddenly stopped.

There was a bubble of excited voices near the door, and then the bishop could be seen making his way to the teacher's rostrum.

He raised his hand and all were silent.

"The news has just come," he said, "that Brother Baptiste has been arrested, charged with robbing the graves of many of our dear ones who have passed into eternity. A large quantity of clothing has been found in his basement. It is said that he has sold a great deal more. The clothing that has been found will be spread out at the City Hall for identification."

There was complete silence for an instant. Then a man a few feet from the bishop shrieked out:

"My God! I am wearing a dead man's shirt!"

Without waiting a moment he tore off his coat and vest and stripped off the shirt, while the startled crowd of men and women looked on.

Many of those in the gathering were wearing dead persons' clothes, while all had lost brothers, mothers, sisters or other relatives or friends, whose bodies they had been despoiled.

There was a rush from the school house. Some hurried home to tear off the offending garments. Others went to the City Hall or to the Baptiste home, while still others secured lanterns and ran to the cemetery, determined to satisfy themselves at once as to whether the bodies of their loved ones had been desecrated.

Long tables were placed in the City Hall, and on these were spread the linens, the dresses and the other clothing found in the Baptiste basement. From all the surrounding country flocked the people to see if they recognized anything belonging to relatives and friends.

Practically every piece was identified. Hardly a grave was opened that did not disclose a naked body thrown carelessly on the face or side.

The people were in a frenzy. They were ready to tear "good Brother Baptiste" limb from limb.

The prisoner was in panic. He trembled in his cell as he heard outside the sounds of fury, and screamed frantically:

"I am innocent! I am innocent!"

Officials, assisted by a committee of citizens, went in to where he was. The crowd outside heard wild shrieks of pain. They knew that an inquisition was in progress.

The frightened man was urged to confess. He refused.

Then he was stood against a wall, while men with rifles stepped back and aimed at him.

"This is your last chance before meeting your God—confess," he was told.

But he sank into a limp heap on the floor, still declaring:

"I am innocent!"

Finally, however, he collapsed, and confessed. Here is what he said:

"I robbed the graves. I don't know why. My father used to do it in California and I got so I didn't think anything of it. I covered the coffins only a little. Then I would go back at night and take the clothes off the bodies and finish filling the grave. Some of the things I sold and some I kept."

"The bears and the wolves used to come around sometimes, but none of them ever hurt me. One time a mountain lion came when I was in a grave. I heard him sniff just a few feet away. I thought he would be

His ankles were bound. A strong man grasped him at each side and held him firmly. Another fixed a terrible grip on his head and held it immovable. Baptiste beseeched everybody near him.

The answer was not in words. One of the men drew an iron from the furnace, looked at it, and then thrust it back to heat a little longer.

The victim shook and begged pitifully.

Everybody else laughed.

Presently one of the irons was drawn out, flourished an instant before his eyes and then plunged into the flesh of his forehead. They spelled, "Grave-robbert!"

That was the last the general public saw of Jean Baptiste. The committee took him away. They left in a boat with their captive for Antelope Island.

Antelope Island is a barren range of hills rising out of the dense dark waters of the Great Salt Lake.

The party landed in a little cove and went up a short distance into a ravine. The ghoul was dragged to one of the few stunted trees that managed to exist in that locality. One ankle was fastened to the tree. The other was weighted down with a ball and chain.

As a parting attention both of his ears were severed from the head.

The executioners then returned to their boat and left him to his fate.

They heard shrieks for a time, which grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased. They concluded that their victim had lost consciousness, but they did not go back to find out.

In 1893 duck hunters at different times came upon portions of a skeleton deep in the morass at the south end of the lake. Attached to the bones of one ankle were a ball and chain. The report spread that the bones were those of Jean Baptiste, who had perhaps taken advantage of unusually shallow water to start to

scared of the lantern, and I lay down flat on the corpse and waited for him to go away. He came to the edge of the grave and walked all around it, looking in. I kept quiet, and after awhile he went away.

"I drove a bear off once by waving my lantern. One time in the winter the wolves came down and started for me when I was in a grave. I threw them the body of a child that I was stripping. They were so hungry that they all made a rush for that dead body and I managed to get away, swinging my lantern so they would not follow me. I went back early in the morning and picked up the bones they had left and nothing came of it.

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POLICE GAZETTE

GALLERY AND REVIEW OF

POPULAR RESORTS

Joseph G. Roemer's Palm Garden, at Visalia, Cal.

BRADENSTEIN'S, SUN PRAIRIE

Kelleher's Well Patronized Saloon in St. Louis, Mo.

(No. 97—With Photo.)

There are few handsomer bars in the country than the Palm Garden at Visalia, Cal. It is really one of the most artistically furnished drinking places in the country and well worth the attention of any visitor to the Pacific Coast. The proprietor, Mr. Joseph G. Roemer, is a most genial gentleman, a thorough good fellow and an enthusiastic sporting man. In a recent letter he writes:

"I have noticed in your valuable paper of which I have been a subscriber for many years, pictures of saloons in many different places, but none in this section. I thought perhaps one from this neighborhood would be interesting to your many readers, therefore I enclose one of the Palm Garden, Visalia, of which I have been proprietor for the past ten years. I think for a town of four thousand population it is a very creditable showing. I would like to show the rest of the United States that we are not much behind the procession. This place supplies New York with from five to ten cars of fresh fruit daily during the season, and you may see from the picture that we do not need to suffer for drinkables."

THE BRADENSTEIN BAR.

(No. 98—With Photo.)

On another page will be found a very good picture of the Bradensteins Bar, of the hustling little town of Sun Prairie, Wis. It is owned by J. F. Bradensteins, who is one of the most popular saloonkeepers in that section of the country. He is a member in excellent standing of the local gun club, an excellent shot and a warm admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE, which may always be found on his bar.

KELLEHER'S CAFE.

(No. 99—With Photo.)

There are few more popular saloons in St. Louis, Mo., than Kelleher's, at Twenty-first and Morgan streets. One of the most expert bartenders in the business is on hand at all times to look after the patrons, and Kelleher, himself, sees that everybody is satisfied. It is frequented by the younger sports of the city, and many a big bet has been put up behind the mahogany bar.

MONT MILLER'S FAMOUS SHOP.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Every man goes to the Catskills knows Mont Miller, the genial owner of the Hotel Walters Barber Shop at Cairo, N. Y. He has a handsome establishment, decorated in white and gold, in which are several very handsome old clocks which are veritable antiques. He is a keen sportsman and a thorough good fellow. The distinguished looking gentleman who is having his hair trimmed by Miller while he is absorbed in the latest news of the Rialto is Gus Willard, head bartender in the Walters Hotel Cafe. He is one of the handsomest men in the Catskills, and his powers of oratory are said to be as fine as those of the late lamented Col. Bob Ingersoll, whom he greatly resembles. He and Miller are great friends, and sporting men who fall into their hands are always treated very handsomely.

JAMES FAGNANI.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Fagnani is the owner of a handsome tinsorial parlor at 14 Market street, New York city. His record for hair cutting is 24 minutes, and for shaving 56 seconds, which he says is very near record time. He is willing to post \$200 at the POLICE GAZETTE that he cannot be beaten. He has taken the POLICE GAZETTE for fourteen years and he says it has no equal.

ST. CYR AND LAWRENCE.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Harry St. Cyr and John Lawrence are two very well known men of Weiser, Idaho. St. Cyr, who is an old time Government scout, is at present holding the position of mining expert in the Swan Devil's District. Lawrence is a contractor on the Michigan Central Railroad, having his headquarters at Detroit, Mich.

JIMMY MOLONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jimmy Moloney is another Irish lad with fighting proclivities. He claims to be a champion and declares his willingness to fight anybody in the world at 138 pounds.

ROBERT C. MINOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Robert C. Minor is a likely young boxer who belongs in Connorsville, Ind. He was born Sept. 10, 1870. He is an expert glove fighter and will some day be heard of among the leading heavyweights.

IN A MINUTE

All disputes settled by reference to the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Containing records of all sporting events and you can carry it in your vest pocket. Sold by all newsdealers or mailed direct to your address upon receipt of 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.



CRAIG AND ARDELL.

A Pair of Musical Geniuses who are Well Liked by the Patrons of Vaudeville.

filled the grave. It had snowed, and I was afraid people would see my tracks, but they didn't.

"My wife never knew anything about what I was doing.

"Only let me go, and I will pay back everything and go away and never come back."

But the people of the colony had no idea of letting him escape. The confession served only to increase their wild fury. Ordinary death was altogether too good for him, it was unanimously voted. A council of the leaders was held, and a committee appointed to carry out the penalty prescribed.

A vast throng gathered. There were angry rumblings as a limp, terror-stricken little man was dragged from his cell to an eminence where all could gaze at him. The men, women and children could scarcely be restrained from rushing at the object of their terrible wrath. But the word was passed along to "let the committee take care of him," and the multitude held back.

Ted Kleffman, who is a sporting young cigar maker, has a corner of his father's cigar manufacture at 173 and 175 Chambers street, New York city, decorated with the POLICE GAZETTE sporting supplements and pictures, cut from this paper. He has one of the finest collections in the city. He is a fine bicyclist, a clever boxer and he never misses a boxing match.

"WHO'S NEXT?"

[WITH PHOTO.]

McDonald has a truly modern and up-to-date barber shop at 1315 Seventh avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa. It is equipped with the latest in everything, including the POLICE GAZETTE.



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Hattie Wade Mack has joined the stock company of the Parlor Theatre, Duluth, for a season of twelve weeks.

Henry Lee, the impersonator, has canceled all the time he had with the Association, and in future will play outside houses only.

Montgomery and Stone are the most recent acquisitions to the Sam Scribner show. They go on the road with the "straight" company.

Owing to Matthews and Edwards dissolving partnership Harry C. Edwards has joined hands with Harry Ivel, Tom Devine and Dave Rubin. They will be known as the Capital City Quartette.

Herbert and Willing have finished playing the Proctor circuit. They are now on the Keith circuit, opening at Boston, with Providence, New York and Philadelphia to follow in the order named.

E. Howard, the "mysterious comedian," has met with success in his novel musical act, entitled "Rubberneck and the Farmer." His imitation of Ching Ling Foo, in which he produces apparently from

a small cloth a kitchen stove, tub, barrel and palm tree, is said to be very effective.

The Burton-Lewando Circus made a hit at Koster & Blau's last week.

Josie Ashton, the celebrated bareback rider, is rehearsing a new and novel act.

Harry Thomson, the clever monologue artist, is making a hit with his club work.

The Elinore Sisters are getting very near to the top. They are on the Proctor circuit.

The Ruby Sisters are doing a very nice dancing act, which has been well received.

Nat Wills, who is working alone, is as good as any three tramp comedians in the business.

James Richmond Glenroy, the man with the green gloves, is imitated successfully by Emma Carus.

Newell and Niblo are in their seventh week with "Midnight in Chinatown," and their musical act is one of the features of the production.

The Bison City Quartette are with the Empire Vaudevillians, which opened the season at the Auditorium Theatre, Baltimore, Oct. 1.

Willard Hutchinson has been engaged by Isabella Urquhart to support her in her sketch, "Even Stephen." He opened recently at Proctor's.

Charles Horwitz has written a new act for Howard and Bland, called "A Strange Boy," which they will produce in San Francisco shortly.

Lizzie and Vinie Daly have embellished their dancing act. They are using a new drop, which they showed at Keith's for the first time recently.

Al. Hamilton and Company are to produce in vaudeville "The Dancing Master," a comedietta by Philander Johnson, of the Washington Evening Star.

Scott and Wilson in a new and original comedy acrobatic specialty, are making a hit with James Jeffries' "A Man From the West" Company.

The Two Jacks, Boyce and Wilson, are with the Bentz-Saulty company, doing their specialty, and Jack Wilson playing opposite comedy parts to Charles Robinson.

Cheridah Simpson's refined musical act made a pronounced hit at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre last week. She introduces several melodious novelties.

"Tessie" Maxwell, a society youth of Los Angeles, Cal., made his stage debut with Gertrude Mansfield and Caryl Wilbur recently as a "supe" in the sketch, "A Bird and a Bottle."

W. A. Robinson has doubled with Curtis Speck, of the Speck Brothers. They have played Hammerstein's New York, Boston Music Hall, Tremont Fair, and will play other dates.

Irving Brooks, who is appearing in vaudeville with Kathryn Osterman, has captured the critics by his artistic performances and his adherence to purely legitimate means to get a laugh.

Lassard Brothers are in their second week with the W. B. Watson American Beauties company, and report that they are one of the biggest hits in the olio. They are engaged for the season.

Nellie Sylvester is this season principal boy with T. W. Dinkins' Utopians. In the olio she presents her singing specialty as a leading number and she carries a leading part in the opening farce.

Gail Yomtee Wolff, a society woman of St. Louis, made her vaudeville debut last week at the Columbia Theatre in that city, in a sketch called "Woman's Wiles," written by William Young.

Rose Carlin and her sister, Ida Mantell, of the Bohemian Burlesques, state that they were recently left a large sum of money by an uncle abroad. They will sail for Europe in the spring and will retire from the stage.

McKay and Lawrence are playing through Utah and Colorado, and are booked solid until after the holidays. Billy McKay was initiated into the Fraternal Order of Eagles while playing the Salt Palace, Salt Lake City, Sept. 6.

The Loraine Hollis Company rendered six good performances at the Academy of Music, Allentown, Pa., during week of Oct. 8. The sketch team, Edward Warren and Alice Howard, introducing wit, humor, songs and an operatic medley, scored an enviable hit.

H. A. D'Arcy has written a sketch for Julius D. Cowles and Carrington A. Phelps, entitled "The Gold Brick," which will be produced in vaudeville this season. Mr. Cowles' role is Silas Pennyfield, a New Jersey rose farmer, the opposite role being Lightning Jim, a confidence man.

BOOKS WORTH READING
"The Fate of a Liberto," "Devil's Compact," "Woman and Her Lovers," "A Fatal Sin," and "A Parisian Sultan," 25 cents each. Mailed to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Vaudeville Performers Are Requested To Send Their Advance Dates For Publication in Police Gazette

TORTURED TO DEATH

BY ANGRY MEN OF UTAH

WAS THIS GRAVE ROBBER

Awful End of Jean Baptiste, Who Made Money by Stripping the Clothes From the Newly-buried Dead.

HOW HE WAS COMPELLED TO CONFESS HIS CRIME.

Later He Was Removed to Antelope Island, Where His Head Was Encased in an Iron Helmet and He Was Chained to a Tree.

In one of the rooms of Police Headquarters at Salt Lake City, Utah, there is on exhibition three most gruesome objects—a human skull, a leg bone, to which is attached a ball and chain, and an iron helmet. There is a story behind these souvenirs which is worth telling.

Many years ago a Frenchman named Jean Baptiste went from California to Utah and joined the Mormons at Salt Lake City. He became very well known and was raised to a position of trust. About a year after his arrival the community was startled by the news that some ghoul was robbing the graves of the dead in the little cemetery. There was an investigation, but nothing came of it.

A few days later a woman was passing the Baptiste home, when she saw through the window a baby's dress hanging on a chair. She was startled. The dress looked exactly like one that her dead baby wore when it was laid in the grave a short time before.

She went close to the window and peered in.

It was the same dress, for she recognized the stitches and the embroidery on which she had bestowed so much loving care.

The woman nearly collapsed with horror and indignation. She hastened to tell her story to Policeman Henry Heath, who is still living, and to Captain Burt, the chief.

Officers searched the Baptiste house and found the basement filled with garments of the dead. Baptiste was lodged in the town jail.

A dance was in progress at the schoolhouse. The fiddler was doing his liveliest, and the air was filled with the confusion of music, the tramp of feet and the voice of the caller, when the musician suddenly stopped.

There was a babble of excited voices near the door, and then the bishop could be seen making his way to the teacher's rostrum.

He raised his hand and all were silent.

"The news has just come," he said, "that Brother Baptiste has been arrested, charged with robbing the graves of many of our dear ones who have passed into eternity. A large quantity of clothing has been found in his basement. It is said that he has sold a great deal more. The clothing that has been found will be spread out at the City Hall for identification."

There was complete silence for an instant. Then a man a few feet from the bishop shrieked out:

"My God! I am wearing a dead man's shirt!"

Without waiting a moment he tore off his coat and vest and stripped off the shirt, while the startled crowd of men and women looked on.

Many of those in the gathering were wearing dead persons' clothes, while all had lost brothers, mothers, sisters or other relatives or friends, whose bodies they had red had been despoiled.

There was a rush from the school house. Some hurried home to tear off the offending garments. Others went to the City Hall or to the Baptiste home, while still others secured lanterns and ran to the cemetery, determined to satisfy themselves at once as to whether the bodies of their loved ones had been desecrated.

Long tables were placed in the City Hall, and on these were spread the linen, the dresses and the other clothing found in the Baptiste basement. From all the surrounding country flocked the people to see if they recognized anything belonging to relatives and friends.

Practically every piece was identified. Hardly a grave was opened that did not disclose a naked body thrown carelessly on the face or side.

The people were in a frenzy. They were ready to tear "good Brother Baptiste" limb from limb.

The prisoner was in a panic. He trembled in his cell as he heard outside the sounds of fury, and screamed frantically:

"I am innocent! I am innocent!"

Officials, assisted by a committee of citizens, went in to where he was. The crowd outside heard wild shrieks of pain. They knew that an inquisition was in progress.

The frightened man was urged to confess. He refused.

Then he was stood against a wall, while men with rifles stepped back and aimed at him.

"This is your last chance before meeting your God—confess," he was told.

But he sank into a limp heap on the floor, still clinging:

"I am innocent!"

Finally, however, he collapsed, and confessed. Here is what he said:

"I robbed the graves. I don't know why. My father used to do it in California and I got so I didn't think anything of it. I covered the coffins only a little. Then I would go back at night and take the clothes off the bodies and finish filling the grave. Some of the things I sold and some I kept."

"The bears and the wolves used to come around sometimes, but none of them ever hurt me. One time a mountain lion came when I was in a grave. I heard him sniff just a few feet away. I thought he would be

His ankles were bound. A strong man grasped him at each side and held him firmly. Another fixed a terrible grip on his head and held it immovable.

Baptiste beseeched everybody near him.

The answer was not in words. One of the men drew an iron from the furnace, looked at it, and then thrust it back to heat a little longer.

The victim shook and begged pitifully.

Everybody else laughed.

Presently one of the irons was drawn out, flourished an instant before his eyes and then plunged into the flesh of his forehead.

They spelled, "Grave-robbert!" That was the last the general public saw of Jean Baptiste. The committee took him away. They left in a boat with their captive for Antelope Island.

Antelope Island is a barren range of hills rising out of the dense dark waters of the Great Salt Lake.

The party landed in a little cove and went up a short distance into a ravine.

The ghoul was dragged to one of the few stunted trees that managed to exist in that locality. One ankle was fastened to the tree. The other was weighted down with a ball and chain.

As a parting attention both of his ears were severed from the head.

The executioners then returned to their boat and left him to his fate.

They heard shrieks for a time, which grew fainter and fainter, and then ceased. They concluded that their victim had lost consciousness, but they did not go back to find out.

In 1893 duck hunters at different times came upon portions of a skeleton deep in the morsas at the south end of the lake. Attached to the bones of one ankle were a ball and chain. The report spread that the bones were those of Jean Baptiste, who had perhaps taken advantage of unusually shallow water to start to

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*Photo by Marsh, Weiser.***HARRY ST. CYR AND JOHN LAWRENCE.**

A WELL-KNOWN MINING EXPERT AND A PROMINENT RAILROAD CONTRACTOR OF WEISER, IDAHO.

*Photo by Chesebro, Toledo.***NETTER AND CURRAN.**

A TEAM OF POPULAR AND TALENTED PERFORMERS WHO HAVE MADE A BUSINESS VENTURE AT TOLEDO, O.

*Photo by Horne, Fort Sheridan, Ill.***FRANK C. SMITH.**

A FAMOUS TEAM OF UNUSUALLY EXPERT RIFLE AND PISTOL SHOTS NOW IN THE VAUDEVILLES AND MAKING A GREAT HIT WITH THEIR SENSATIONAL MARKSMANSHIP.

**LILLIAN F. SMITH.**



CHARLES F. BACCUS.

CLEVER YOUNG MANAGING TONSORIALIST
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

I. BENNY RISE.

HE LAYS CLAIM TO THE BARBER
CHAMPIONSHIP OF BROOKLYN.

EUGENE LEVESQUE.

POPULAR AND HUSTLING YOUNG AGENT
OF MONTREAL, CANADA.

MONT MILLER'S FAMOUS SHOP.

HANDSOME ESTABLISHMENT IN THE HOTEL WALTERS AT CAIRO, N. Y., WHERE
GOOD FELLOWS MEET AND TALK SPORT.

JAMES FAGNANI.

OWNER OF A FINE BARBER SHOP AT
14 MARKET ST., NEW YORK.

GEORGE GREEN.

AN OMAHA, NEBRASKA, MAN WHO HAS
INVENTED A KITE BALLOON.

"WHO'S NEXT?"

McDONALD'S HANDSOMELY EQUIPPED AND UP-TO-DATE SHAVING AND HAIR-
DRESSING PARLOR AT 1315 SEVENTH AVENUE, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

SENSATIONAL DEATH

UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES

OF SILK MILL BEAUTY

She Was Young and Popular and She Had Recently Fallen Heir to \$5,000, Which Brought Her to Public Notice.

FOUND BY A DRIVER WITH HER SKULL CRUSHED.

Four Men Arrested Charged With the Crime, and According to the Confession of One the Affair Was Purely Accidental.

The lively little city of Paterson, N. J., noted for its silk mills, its pretty girls and its boxing matches, has a murder sensation. One of the prettiest of the hundreds of mill girls, seventeen years old, happy as the dawn and heir to \$5,000, was found dead, foully murdered, lying beside the main road leading to Hawthorne from Riverdale, a suburb of Paterson. Her appearance was that of a girl asleep. The pretty face was composed, the hat was pulled over the forehead and the hair was tousled. But the back of the head was crushed in.

A few minutes after she had left home the evening before a young man called and asked if she were in. On being told no, he went away. The mother does not know who he was, but says she could recognize him.

A well known physician is convinced she jumped or fell from a rig in defending herself. The rock fitted exactly into her head. Her shoes were not dusty nor were her long skirts.

The dead girl lived with her father, her stepmother, an elder sister and two younger sisters in a comfortable home in the Riverside district, in Paterson. The father of the girl is a thrifty man. He owns his own home, and there was no necessity for the murdered girl to work as she did in the mill of the Paterson Ribbon Company, save her desire to have money of her own. When, a short time since, she was made heir to \$5,000 left by a brother of her mother, she was asked to give up her place in the mill and enjoy herself, but she refused to live in idleness.

The neighborhood about the girl's home is thickly populated, but the streets are almost deserted after 10 o'clock at night. It is not a neighborhood that harbors bad characters, and none of the people residing in it has felt any hesitancy in traversing the section at any hour. The girl was known to every one in the neighborhood.

Her only absences from home were occasioned by visits to a woman friend, who keeps a candy store in South Paterson. On occasions when the girl visited her she always went home to breakfast before reporting for work at the mill in the morning.

According to the story told by the family the girl left home shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening. The father says that she went away with a man; he did not see the man, nor had the man ever been in his house, but his assertion that a man had accompanied the girl when she started away was emphatic.

The stepmother asserts that the girl was unaccompanied when she left the house and that her mission was to procure medicine for her younger sister at a drug store. She never reached the drug store.

When the family retired at 10 o'clock and the girl had not returned, no particular alarm was felt. It was supposed by all, and their stories on this point agree, that the girl had gone to visit her friend, had been detained and would remain in South Paterson all night. Although she had never before gone to South Paterson without notifying her parents of her intention, it appears that all of the members of the family slept without fear of her welfare while she was being murdered.

A man who drives a wagon for Alyea Brothers, flour and feed dealers, of Riverside, was on his way to work at 5 o'clock the following morning, when he saw what he supposed to be a woman asleep near a clump of trees. This was just over the Waggoner bridge, and wagons had passed shortly before. He went close to the reclining figure and called loudly.

He reached down and shook the shoulder of the reclining figure; he lifted an arm and it was almost stiff. In spite of his terror he noted that the flesh was quite warm, showing that she had not been dead long.

County Physician Vroom made an examination and announced that the girl had sustained a fracture at the base of the skull, and that the blow that had caused death was inflicted with a heavy, blunt instrument. He announced, too, that she had not been dead more than three hours when he took charge of the case. The driver had found the body an hour before Dr. Vroom arrived, which would seem to establish that the girl had been killed about 3 o'clock in the morning.

Diligent search of the locality surrounding the spot where the girl was found failed to bring to light the instrument with which the death of the girl had been accomplished. In the Sullivan case a railroad coupling pin was used by the murderer and the pin was found. Dr. Vroom says that the wound that cut short the life of this last victim might have been caused by a railroad coupling pin.

The driver noticed, when he lifted the head of the dead girl, that it was resting on a stone that protruded about four inches from the ground. Dr. Vroom thought at first that the girl might have fallen on this stone, and so caused the injury that brought her to death, but investigation showed that the wound could not have been inflicted by the stone.

The case has created a tremendous sensation among the mill girls of Paterson, a great many of whom were personally acquainted with the victim.

The climax to the crime came several days after its discovery, when four arrests were made. From the

story which one of the men told, it seems that the party of five went out driving, and the death of the girl was due to an accident. When it occurred one of the men went for a doctor. Later they all became frightened and ran away, leaving the body where it was found.

The party went at first to a drinking place in Paterson, and one of the men put knockout drops in the girl's beverage. They did not take action at once and he gave her a second dose. Within a few minutes after

started to lurch up on a couple of policemen who were having a friendly chat on the corner. Here is where they made a mistake, for if there is anything on earth a policeman objects to it is having his hat kicked off, even if it is by a pretty girl with a small foot. Des Moines "coppers" are quick to act, and these two were no different from the rest. In just twenty minutes by the clock in the jeweller's at the middle of the block, the girls were in a couple of cells charged with being drunk and disorderly. They did no more kicking that night, but in the morning they had a chance to do a lot of kicking when the judge fined them \$15 each for their fun.

CAVALRYMEN IN CUBA.

[WITH PHOTO.]

The accompanying photograph shows six of Uncle Sam's dashing cavalrymen who are at present in Cuba. The two lying in the foreground are P. T. O'Connor, of New York, and Harold J. Thomas, of San Francisco. Those sitting are Eben B. Smith, of Woburn, Mass., and John H. Wade, of Lawrence, Mass. The man standing on the left is Ralph J. Ferrer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the one on the right is George W. Holmes, of Providence, R. I.

"MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN ACTRESS."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A particularly handsome and shapely young wife of Atlanta, Ga., who wanted to surprise her husband, succeeded the other day far beyond her expectations. He has always been a great admirer of actresses, and he has had many photographs of footlight favorites in his possession. She thought she would like to be pictured as a corypheen and give him the picture to add to his collection. She first went to a costumer and procured the finest costume in the place. Then she went to a photographer who knows his business. She posed to a photographer who knows his business. She posed



VIOLA BROWN.

Vocalist and Toe Dancer, Pupil of C. M. Alviene, as She Sings "The Blue and the Gray."

they had re-entered the carriage the girl became unconscious, and nothing that the men could do seemed to rouse her. They ordered the cabman to drive to the Passaic River, where they threw water in her face. She still remained in a comatose condition, and the four terrified men drove at once to the house of a doctor. They found a physician who came out in his bath robe. He felt the pulse of the girl, put his ear to her heart and remarked:

"I can do nothing for her. She is dead."

The men thereupon became panic stricken. They drove to the country and dropped the body by the roadside where it was found.

THEY PAID FOR THEIR GOOD TIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Those who dance must pay the fiddler," is an old saying which has been proven true in many instances. It was literal the other night at Des Moines, Iowa, when a couple of gay girls who had filled up on a beverage which cost \$5 a bottle, set out to have a good time. They felt that in order to have the right kind of time they must do some high kicking, and they

Sporting Reference Books

"Police Gazette Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Card Player," "The Cooker's Guide," "Dog Pit," Price, 25 cents each, postpaid. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

for a dozen different negatives, after which she went home and waited.

One afternoon, about a week later, while she was out visiting, her husband happened to come home earlier than usual. As he passed through the library he saw a package on the table. He opened it and the first thing that met his astonished gaze was a portrait of his wife in tights. There were a dozen of them. He became furious with rage. He got a big revolver and was just starting out to do business with some one when his wife came in. Then there was a scene, which was hot enough while it lasted. Explanations followed, after which he promised to destroy all the pictures of his soubrette friends, and happiness reigned once more.

SOLLY STROUP.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Solly Stroup, of Blandburg, Pa., is a ring veteran. He has fought a number of good battles and is considered the featherweight champion of Western Pennsylvania.

PADDY MOLONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Paddy Moloney claims to be the champion featherweight of the Pacific Coast. We have no record of his having won the title, but his willingness to fight any man in the country for the honor seems to give him the prestige he claims.

COLORADO COWBOYS

DO FINE WORK

AT COUNTY FAIR

Roping Contests With Money Prizes For Rangers.

SHOT UP THE TOWN LATER.

A Sport Who Tried to Hold Up Fifteen Men in a Stable.

The cowboys of Colorado had a great time at the Delta County Fair, held at Delta the early part of this month. The first day was celebrated with a wild steer roping contest and a large number of cowboys, known as Rim Rockers, participated in it. The first prize was \$175 and was won by Albert Salisbury, for catching, throwing and hog-tieing a wild steer in fifty-nine seconds. The second purse of \$100 was won by Fred Carroll, from the Rim Rocks of Grand Junction; the third prize of \$50 was won in one minute and forty seconds by Frank Hepworth, of the Rim Rocks of Surface Creek. Among the ropers were Frank Moore, an expert lasso thrower and noted rifle shot from Arizona; Bert Ennor from Oregon, and James Ketchum, an all-round cowboy, miner and hay pitcher. These men were expected to do wonders with the lasso, but were too slow to get a place, and so Salsbury, who is a sheep herder, won out, which made the cowboys and Rim Rockers wild. The night was celebrated with a big dance given by the Band boys, and about 11:30 o'clock, P. M., the Rim Rockers began to shoot up the town. They made everyone they could catch on the streets do a dance at the point of their revolvers.

The second day they gave another steer roping contest and the Rim Rockers were out in large numbers again, there being thirty-one entries. First prize was won by George Young from the Rims of Escalante in two minutes and fifty-one seconds; second, by Jack Treise, from the Rim Rocks of the Muddy River, in three minutes and thirty-five seconds; third, by Jim Ketchum, a Rim Rock, in six minutes. The third and last day of the Fair most of the Rim Rock boys went to their respective ranges, leaving their leaders still in town. About 10 o'clock, P. M., the chief of the Rim Rockers went into the livery stable to get his horses, and finding fifteen or twenty men in the office undertook to make them all dance a jig for him at the same time, but was pounced upon by City Marshal Johnson, Deputy Walsh, Deputy Greenwood and Sheriff George Smith and thrown down and five forty-five Colts revolvers and two Bowie knives taken from him. His partner got scared and left town without his horse and saddle, waded the Gunnison river, which was full of floating ice, and is now hiding in the Rim Rocks on Henry Kohler's cow range.

The Fair was a most successful one and the cow punchers and range riders had the time of their lives.

NETTER AND CURRAN.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Harry Netter was born in Quincy, Ill., April 19th, 1868, and before he was of age went in the show business with John Ahern, now chief of police of Quincy, Ill., and Harry Vokes, now Ward and Vokes, doing a three brother act. Later he joined the Three Leons in an acrobatic act. Leaving the Leons he played dates alone, doing an Irish singing and dancing specialty through the Western country. Coming East he joined the Big Little Four, then joining M. E. Hanly, doing a big and little comedy act, but for the last eight years he has been working with Mart Williams, under the firm name of Netter and Williams. They made a great success as a black-face team.

Mr. Netter is the author of many popular songs, "Two Sides to Every Story," and "Dad's Girl," (sentimental.) He has written many parodies and sketches for some of the most popular performers in the country. Mr. Netter and James T. Curran, late of Austin and Curran, have joined hands and in the future will devote all of their time in their new venture, writing songs, sketches, burlesque and original talking matter for performers in the vaudeville profession.

James T. Curran was born in Dayton, O., April 1st, 1870. He started with Lon Staley, doing an Irish knock-about act, but afterwards doubled up with Charley Shee and did a knock-about turn. His greatest success was made with Doodie Austin. For the last two years he has not been actively engaged in the profession as he has been in charge of Frank Reagan's Sporting Headquarters, No. 38 South St. Clair street, Toledo, O., where he is popularly known as "Stump," and is a favorite amongst actors and sports of all kinds.

EUGENE LEVESQUE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Eugene Levesque is a well-known sporting man and hustling agent of Montreal, Canada. He is a bright young man who is bound to succeed.

CHAS. F. BACUS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chas. F. Bacus, of St. Louis, Mo., is not only a first-class boxer, but he knows how to manage a shop to the best advantage. He keeps well posted on the sporting news of the day, which he gets from his favorite paper, the POLICE GAZETTE.

A LITTLE WONDER

The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Contains records of every branch of sport, illustrated with half-tone portraits of the champions. 10 cents, from your newsdealer or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Saloonkeepers and Barbers are Courteously Requested to Send in Personal Paragraphs for Publication

SHARKEY HURLS DEFIANCE

—WILL BET \$2,500 HE CAN KNOCK HIM OUT—

AT RUHLIN, THE AKRON GIANT

Peter Maher Enters the Field of Eligibles and Proposes to Fight Jim Jeffries for the Title and Entire Purse.

CORBETT IS SILENT AND MCCOY IS AMONG THE MISSING.

Fighters Demand Big Purse and Refuse to Recognize the Changed Condition of Things—Club Magnates Insist Upon Smaller Purse.

While none of the heavyweight exponents of theistic game evince any willingness to fight, all of them display a commendable faculty for keeping their names before the public so that when the time for action is ripe they will be able to reap the fruits of their efforts to keep from being forgotten. Challenges, acceptances, evasions, etc., are as plentiful as leaves in Valambrosia, but no results are reached and the one inference that must be drawn is that none of them are sincere and the idea of fighting is farthest from their thoughts. Corbett's flesh-in-the-pan cracks at Jeffries failed in their purpose to re-establish him to public favor and he is now numbered among the pugilistic dunces. McCoy, realizing that he had "played the string out," so far as New York was concerned, decided to take a vacation abroad until sundry unsavory things in which he was mixed up were forgotten, and his absence from the local field is, perhaps, more a matter for congratulation than otherwise. Jeffries is an absentee, too, so far as the possibility of his engaging in any pugilistic pursuits is concerned, at least until his theatrical contracts have expired. Fitzsimmons has retired from the ring, and will hereafter figure in the delectable pursuit of dimes and dollars through the medium of a life-like portrayal of an honest blacksmith in a play bearing some characteristic title.

The absence of this quartette of bruisers narrows the eligibles down to Tom Sharkey, Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher. Having the field all to themselves the natural course of events would seem to suggest the advisability of making hay while the sun shines, but they seem to be as shy as a maiden with her first beau, judging from the timidity displayed in approaching the matchmaking crisis.

Sharkey seems to have the best of the situation—a rather doubtful honor, but he alone enjoys the distinction of having posted money and issued a challenge, preferably Jeffries, but eliminating nobody. If Jeff considers Sharkey beneath his notice the marine will start at the bottom of the ladder by signing with men whom the champion has defeated. Barney Beale, his new manager, says he is ready to bet \$10,000 that his man can knock Jeffries from under the championship, and has posted \$2,500 to show that he means what he says. A club in San Francisco wired Sharkey the other day to try and force Jeff to fight him in that city. There is a good-sized purse in sight for such a match, and that's why Sharkey has suddenly become anxious to mix it up again in the roped arena. Sharkey wants it understood that he is no has-been, and will fight any heavyweight in the business in any kind of a contest from a six-round set-to to a finish.

Sharkey will probably have to satisfy himself with a match with one of the other heavyweights or go without an engagement for some time to come. Jeffries has refused to consider the sailor's challenge, and now Ruhlin announces that he has a very important engagement on his hands with Peter Maher, and when this affair is over, providing the Akron man is successful, he will seek a match with the champion.

Jeffries has announced his willingness to have Ruhlin as his next opponent, and the Ohioan intends to avail himself of the opportunity to battle for the championship before he faces Sharkey.

This effort on Ruhlin's part to sidetrack the Sailor annoyed the latter exceedingly, and he made some pointed allusions to the Akron man's lack of courage, which brought forth the following response from Ruhlin's headquarters:

"Ruhlin is matched to fight Peter Maher. Will take him on first, as promised. Then, if he wins, will make a match with Jeffries and give him his own time. Sharkey is trying to boost his saloon and hasn't got the stage money fever. Maher's the best card, as Sharkey has been knocked out twice in succession."

"BILLY MADDEN."

That sort of a reply to his challenge was well calculated to make the ex-man-o'-warman hot under the collar, and before he got cooled off he went back at Madden with a proposal which ought to elicit a ready acceptance.

"My \$2,500," says Sharkey, "is up in the hands of the sporting editor, and is not stage money, as Madden would like to make the sporting public believe. I mean business and am not four-flushing, as I think Madden is."

"Now, to make my position clearer and to force Madden and Ruhlin to show their hand and get down to business or quit altogether, I will make them this offer:

"I will bet the \$2,500 I have now up that I can defeat Ruhlin in six rounds, either in Philadelphia or Chicago, or I will wager \$5,000 that I can beat him in twenty rounds before any responsible athletic club in the country."

"I think this statement makes it plain just where I stand and puts the game up to Madden and Ruhlin. My money is posted and talk better than all the wind bluffs of Madden not backed up by the dough."

Sharkey is justified in being angry at Ruhlin's refusal to fight him, as he beat him once in twenty-seven seconds. Sharkey further says that if Ruhlin will accept his challenge all the giant has to do is to see the

color of his money is to cover the \$2,500 deposit. The sailor will fight Ruhlin a six-round battle at Philadelphia for \$2,500 a side if the latter prefers a fight of that length, or Sharkey will meet him in a finish fight at any place.

"If Madden thinks Ruhlin can beat me," concluded the sailor, "why don't he make a big side bet on the fight?"

Peter Maher is also taking advantage of Jeffries' temporary retirement to place himself before the public as a candidate for the big Californian's title. The merits of his claim amount to nothing, but that he is in line for the "egg" is evident from a letter emanating from Peter Lowery, his manager, in which he states that he will match his man against Jeffries on any terms the latter sees fit to dictate. He says he will agree to his proposition that the winner take the entire purse.

If Jeffries thinks well of the challenge Lowery will post a substantial sum of money with any person sug-

gested, and in nearly every one has conceded weight. Not only is Goodwin a great scientific fighter, but his bag punching is wonderful, and great crowds watch him daily with astonishment when he punches the ball to the rag-time music played by his backer and trainer on their banjos. Goodwin can be backed for a ton of money at 128 pounds. He is always ready and willing to meet all comers.

VIOLA BROWN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Although Viola Brown is but eight years of age she is a very clever character vocalist and toe dancer, and she has scored a big success during her brief professional career. She is a pupil of C. M. Alvire, ballet master of the Grand Opera House.

FRANK AND LILLIAN SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Frank and Lillian Smith do a most sensational sharpshooting act, and Miss Smith has a standing challenge of \$1,000 for any one in the world to compete with her for accuracy and speed in manipulating a single loading rifle.

THE "TERRIBLE GREEK."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Antonio is the name of a strong man whose sobriquet of the "Terrible Greek" has been well bestowed. One of his feats of strength is that of holding three cannon, as shown in the picture, while an attendant explodes them simultaneously. He has arranged to give an exhibition of his marvelous powers before a select assemblage of experts at an early date.

HAD THE DEAR BOY ON HIS KNEES

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

He was as carefully dressed as if he was going to be married, and he wore a monocle which he seemed to think was the real thing. He knew one little girl who was with the burlesque show playing at Providence that particular week, and he went to the stage door to see her. He knew the stage doorkeeper and got in without trouble. He pushed open the first door he came to, and in a minute he was among a bevy of "perfect ladies."

To say that he was received with warmth hardly expresses it—it was an ovation. They patted him on



HARRY KLINK OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Noted Champion Short Distance Walker and Hustling Police Gazette Correspondent.

gested, and the question of a side bet need not interfere with the acceptance.

The Irish champion is said to be in better condition now than he ever was in his life, and prepared to put up a good fight. If Jeffries does not care for the match then Maher is ready to meet any of the other big men. Gus Ruhlin is preferable to all others, but Tom Sharkey will be given a chance if he desires it.

That about sums up the heavyweight situation, but the indications are that there will be nothing doing, notwithstanding the violent protestations made by Sharkey, Ruhlin and Maher of their willingness to fight. As a matter of inside information, all of them have been in communication with the promoters of the clubs now operating in Connecticut, Philadelphia, Chicago, Louisville and elsewhere, and have learned to their amazement that pugilistic values have deteriorated since the Horton law went out of existence in New York State. They are not disposed to accustom themselves to the changed condition of things, and as the club magnates are not disposed to accede to their demands for exorbitant purses and guarantees there is little likelihood of the heavyweights getting anything to do until they get down to a level-headed basis of giving the clubs a chance to make something.

GEORGE GOODWIN.

[WITH PHOTO.]

This interesting group consists of George Goodwin, his trainer, Tel Cantrell, and manager, Dick William, in their training quarters in Ostend, Belgium, where Goodwin is preparing himself for his great fight with Pierre Lacour, to take place in Paris. The affair is causing no end of excitement among the sporting class on the Continent. Goodwin, at 128 pounds, is a cyclone from the word go and has many victories to his credit, and in nearly every one has conceded weight. Not only is Goodwin a great scientific fighter, but his bag punching is wonderful, and great crowds watch him daily with astonishment when he punches the ball to the rag-time music played by his backer and trainer on their banjos. Goodwin can be backed for a ton of money at 128 pounds. He is always ready and willing to meet all comers.

BIG AND LITTLE FIGHTERS

Their records up to date in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. A valuable guide to sporting events. Be sure you get it. Portraits of prominent pugilists. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers or mailed direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.

I. BENNY RISE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

I. Benny Rise, in communication which he sends to the POLICE GAZETTE, announces that he is a champion hair-cutter and shaver. He owns a fine shop on Ridgewood Heights, 124 Wyckoff avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. His title to the championship may be questioned. If so, he will probably show what he can do.

CHOYNISKI MATCHED.

Billy Edwards, manager of Fred Russell, the California heavyweight, has matched him with Joe Choyinski, the fight to take place in Denver, Col., on Friday, November 2.

SMALL TALK

ABOUT THE PUGS

Lively Gossip of Interest Concerning the Doings of the Fighters.

Dan Creedon has sent a challenge to England to meet George Gardner, of Lowell, at the National Sporting Club, London.

Mike Campbell, well known as a handler of boxers in Philadelphia, is now in Chicago. He is making the matches for one of the clubs there.

Knockenheimer says: "Of all the challengers of Terry McGovern, none has gone about the matter in the business-like manner of Frank Erne."

George Tuohy, manager of Art Simms, says he will match his man with Hymie Goldstein if he was assured that the Hebrew could make the weight.

"Kid" Lavigne has decided to challenge Terry McGovern to fight at 180 pounds in Chicago. McGovern has expressed the wish to meet Lavigne in the ring.

"Sport" Donnelley, the ex-Princeton football player, who was reported some months ago as dying in the South, is now refereeing the boxing bouts at Chicago.

Jim Corbett is bound that he won't let the public forget him. He is out now with an offer to take Jeffries at his word and fight the champion, whether take all.

Eddie Connolly is after a match with Matty Matthews. The latter holds the welterweight title that was once held by Connolly, and Eddie is anxious to regain it.

Al Herford, manager of Joe Gans, announces that he has mailed to William Naughton, of Chicago, a draft for \$1,000 as a forfeit for a six round fight with Frank Erne.

Sammy Kelly wishes to arrange a few matches in this country before he goes to England to meet Will Curley. Kelly has sent a challenge to Eddie Santry at Chicago.

All of Tom Sharkey's fights on the Coast were flukes, but the clubs out there think he would be a card and have offered him a purse if he can secure a match with either Corbett or Ruhlin.

Owing to the fact that the authorities have raised such a hubbub against fighting at Cleveland, it is quite probable that the contest between Frank Erne and "Kid" Lavigne will be shifted to Louisville.

Matty Matthews evidently does not intend to continue fighting much longer. As soon as he has made \$50,000 in the game he intends to retire from the ring, have his face beautified and engage in some other business.

Jim Jeffries claims he was never in better condition than he is at the present time. He says he weighs 225 pounds and feels like a fighting cock. The big champion hasn't taken an intoxicating drink for two months.

"Scaldy Bill" Quinn is on the warpath. He is getting rusty for a match and wants to meet any man in the business under 160 pounds, Jack Bonner, Jack O'Brien, Tommy West, Andy Walsh or Harry Peppers preferred.

Dave Sullivan says he will be ready to talk to Oscar Gardner of another match after he has finished negotiations with McGovern. He says he has his forfeit of \$1,000 to meet McGovern posted with Major Hughes, and will keep it there.

A bill has been introduced into the Vermont Legislature to change the name of Daniel Mehan to Daniel Albert Stuart. Mr. Mehan is the well-known sporting man, Dan Stuart, who managed the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight at Carson city.

Billy Smith, of New York, a good featherweight, has been matched to meet Bill Fielder, of Walworth, London, England, at the National Sporting Club for fifteen rounds at 122 pounds, for \$250 side bet and a purse, on Monday, Nov. 19.

Jack Grace is no longer a fighter. He has reached a higher plane in the pugilistic world and now looks on his brother pugs as far beneath him. If you should go out to Denver and run across Grace don't say, "Hello, Jack." It's Professor now.

George Dixon wants to fight. The former champion is "hard up" at present and is anxious to make some money. The colored boy has been taking the best of care of himself. This is the first time in his long career that Dixon ever really sought a match.

Joe Gans has signed to fight "Kid" Parker, of Denver, before the Colorado Athletic Club, at Denver, for a purse of \$3,000, the contest to be of ten rounds duration. George Siler, of Chicago, is to referee this contest, and the bout is to be pulled off on Nov. 16.

The referee who took testimony in the suit for an absolute divorce brought by Mrs. Norman Selby against her husband, "Kid" McCoy, advises in favor of the wife and as soon as the report is filed in the Supreme Court she will secure an absolute decree. Selby decided not to combat his wife's action.

Jimmy Barry of Chicago, the retired bantam-weight champion, has decided to enter the ring again after an absence of over a year. Barry imagines he can put to sleep the youngsters in his class these days just as quickly as he did a few years ago. Barry had better keep out of the business, for the youngsters at the present day are wonders.

NOTED SPORTING PICTURES

FREE—Elegant half-tone productions. Jeffries, McCoy, Dixon, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, etc., given away with POLICE GAZETTE. Next week—LOUIS CYR. Be sure you get it. For sale by all newsdealers.



"MAKE ME LOOK LIKE AN ACTRESS."

THE AMBITION OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF ATLANTA, GA., TO HAVE A SPECTACULAR PICTURE TAKEN GETS HER IN TROUBLE.



THEY PAID FOR THEIR GOOD TIME.

A COUPLE OF GAY AND FESTIVE GIRLS, WHO BROKE OUT AT DES MOINES, IA.,
AND HAD FUN WITH THE POLICE, GET A NIGHT IN JAIL.

SHARKEY DRAWS COLOR LINE

PRESUMABLY TO AVOID BEING FORCED
INTO FIGHTING JOE WALCOTT

Corbett's Reminiscences of His Early Career as a Fighter Under
Billy Brady's Management Indicate His Ingratitude.

ALL THE GOOD FIGHTS BEING HELD IN THE WEST.

Wise Pugilists, Who Saw the Trend of Events, Reaping Their Reward---McKeever
Pleases the Britons---Small Talk About the Pugilists.

If the great, throbbing heart that beats under the palpitate waistcoat of Mr. Thomas Sharkey were exposed in all its quivering candor to the brutal, piercing eye of the cathode ray, it would be seen that the organ of that brilliant fighter is being devoured by a cantankerous grief. In every respect but one he has been emphatically successful since he exchanged the tar smelling tocsie and the enchanting life aboard a "whaler" for an eminently more lucrative career as an exponent of the manly art. He has not only acquired enduring fame as a disciple of the eminent Mr. Queensbury, but he has accumulated abundant riches and a competency which will enable him to spend the remainder of his existence on this mundane sphere in ease and luxury. It was hard for "Tommy" to be compelled to renounce his championship aspirations; harder still when, through the combined doings of the distinguished Mr. Ruhlin and the eminent Mr. Fitzsimmons, he was relegated to the has-been class, all of which contributed to the contents of his cup of bitterness, but the receptacle was not brimful until that marvelous reminder of Mr. Darwin's pet theory, Joe Walcott, bounded into the limelight of public notice with a demand that the ex-sailor meet him within the orthodox 24-foot arena.

Sharkey was never known to flinch in the face of danger. His ring record is punctuated with brilliant achievements. Age, weight, size or sex never swerved his lucrative ambition to become the greatest thing that ever happened. Only in one particular did he ever evince a disposition to climb the tall and lofty, and that was when his ability as a fighter was questioned by persons of Senegambian extraction.

Shoulder to shoulder with a colored mate he swabbed the decks of the good ship Massachusetts; up in the top, in midwinter gales, he found the companionship of a "smoke" one joyful relief from the tedium of watching the foam-capped billows; wrecked and cast away, with only a fighting chance for life, his companion in danger was a black mate. Passing to the period when his penchant for hammering the daylights out of his rivals brought him fame and golden emoluments, a colored individual was his greatest aid in the development of those talents which enabled him to shine in theistic constellation. Notwithstanding his indebtedness to the race, Tommy, from his lofty eminence, now looks down and frowns upon the ambitions of his colored rivals. More especially are his feelings harassed by the thought that the public doubts his ability to conquer the indomitable Walcott. What his own innermost feelings on the subject are I cannot tell, but the alacrity with which he hastened to draw the colored line suggests one impressive thought, that he isn't going to take any chance of satisfying either the public or himself upon this point.

George (Elbows) McFadden will have to content himself with a more or less tedious wait before he gets a chance to annex the title of champion lightweight of England. Johnny Hughes, the present incumbent, evidently does not look with favor upon the match and declines to fight until February. McFadden, by no means on the ground, is handicapped in his efforts to force the issue. His presence in England might accelerate matters.

Not a day passes now but what Corbett commits some fresh indiscretion. His actions since he returned from abroad have been treated by the public with mild consideration, but he is in a fair way to exhaust the patience of his friends by displaying his ingratitude to Billy Brady in the manner he did in a series of public utterances from the stage of a Boston theatre recently. On the occasion referred to he is reported to have said:

"When I first met Bill Brady ten years ago he did not have thirty cents. After I had fought and defeated John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, I said to Brady, 'Now let's go ahead and make some money, and we'll split even.' I never had a contract with him and always kept my word. As for Jeffries, when I was training for my fight with Fitzsimmons at Carson City, a friend of mine in Los Angeles wrote to me and told me about Jeffries. He said he did not know anything, but wanted me to give him a show, so I took him in. Jeffries was a big awkward gawky, without any clothes, and I paid \$100 for two suits, which he hasn't made good yet. Then I took him in hand and taught him all he knows. I propose to follow that chump all over the country and tell the same story and see if I can make the coward fight me again."

It may be true that Brady didn't have thirty cents, but he had the nerve and assurance to dig up \$10,000, the amount of Corbett's stake in the Sullivan fight, and it was due to his indomitable energy and perseverance that Corbett was persuaded to go into the ring with the most formidable fighter of his day. The part that Brady played in that memorable fistic episode has never been written, but those who know something about what happened are unanimous in condemning Corbett for this display of ingratitude.

As regards to what he says about Jeffries I know

nothing, but it seems to me that Corbett is inclined to talk too much, and his persistence in following the man whom he stigmatizes as a "chump and a coward," will not make him stand any too well with reasonable thinking people who recognize one important fact, and that is that the "chump" and "coward" was handy enough to knock him out.

The smartest of the fighting contingent who realized at the outset that the Horton law really meant

mitted and the gate returns are large enough to justify good matches between good men. San Francisco is looming up as the great centre of fistic activity. The outlook is very promising, and there is very little likelihood of the authorities taking any active part in interfering with the big fights now being negotiated for. Altogether the future looks extremely bright for the fistic game, and the sporting men of the West are to be congratulated that the turn which affairs have taken in the East gives them the opportunity so long denied them of witnessing fights between the stars of the 24-foot arena.

Charley McKeever displayed considerable wisdom when he decided to go on a fighting tour abroad in preference to loafing around the Metropolis, waiting Micawberlike for something to turn up. His gentlemanly, courteous behavior assured him favorable treatment from the sporting men of Great Britain, and his victory over "Dido" Plumb, which was accomplished before the conservative National Sporting Club, established him in favor at once. Now he is matched to battle with Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," in a twenty-round bout, and the chances of adding to his renown through a victory over the black cad are so good that I am disposed to congratulate him beforehand. Just at present McKeever is the "whole thing" in a pugilistic way, and the longer he remains in England the greater he will enhance the reputation of American pugilists as gentlemen as well as fighters.

The controversy over the outcome of the recent Roeber-Olsen wrestling match in Denmark is becoming decidedly interesting. The cables first informed us that Roeber won; then a contradictory report was sent over. After that Roeber himself came along with the story of his conquest, which occasioned much anger among the Danish wrestler's friends, and they have taken advantage of every opportunity to stigmatize Roeber's utterances as untrue. Olsen's

LA SAVATE EXPERT PROVED AN EASY VICTIM FOR A YANKEE BOXER

Mixed Kicks and Punches Made
an Interesting Contest.

HAD HIS TEETH EXTRACTED

Foul Pivot Kick Intended to Disable
the American Fighter.

Enough has been written about the French fighting game, la savate, to make American sporting experts familiar with its details, but it remained for Walter Kingsley, formerly a Buffalo newspaper man and a clever exponent of the fistic art as well, to write very entertainingly about a contest at the real French style of fighting in which he recently participated.

Kingsley, who weighs about 140 pounds and is very wiry, describes his experience as follows:

"I had a fight with an exponent of savate named Hanotaux in Paris recently and experienced more kinds of excitement in a few rounds than in all my life before."

"I used punching bag gloves, while he used his feet. I tried to keep very close to him and avoid his fearful kicks, but he rapped me one in the neck that sent me flying heels over head. I responded to time, however, and, being a bit angry, rushed him. He met me with a whirl and a kick backward that McFadden couldn't block. Luckily it was high and caught me on the chest instead of the solar. It slowed me a bit, but I teed him into a swing with his right foot for the head, which I ducked under, and then got to him with both hands. The gloves were not much heavier than those used for dress purposes, and, being in good trim, I split his nose, knocked out two teeth and nearly tore his stomach out with a left shift."

"The Frenchmen yelled 'Magnifique!' at my rally, but Hanotaux, who was pretty game for a Gaul, fouled me by a terrific kick on the shin which stopped the contest, the referee awarding me the decision."

"I could hardly have continued, the pain was so great."

"We arranged to meet again, as Hanotaux was wild about his teeth and swore that if I would face him once more he would use a kick that would kill me. To tell the truth, I didn't care much for another meeting, for I knew that he meant a blow that is barred in every kind of contest all over the world, and I knew, too, that he was wicked enough to use it. However, I made the match, which came off last week. We had quite a crowd of Britons and Parisians looking on. My second was a French journalist who saw a boxing match in New York once and now swears by *le boze*.

"I had wound my hands with tape and bandages until they were as hard as rocks, and the gloves, which fitted tightly, made them pretty fair weapons. Hanotaux had no objection to the bandages, for he counted on disabling me by the foul blow which he had in mind."

"I crowded him as close as possible and tried to keep him off his balance so that he could not kick. I stepped back once, and he spun on his left foot like a pivot and shot his right foot straight back like a skyrocket."

"Before he could pull it back I had gripped it, and then with the solid mits I went for him. I think that he had few sound teeth left when I got through. He cried 'assez!' and 'suffisamment!' and other things until I left him on the floor. He had tried the 'coup de grace,' had missed and it was up to me to fight in 'une maniere feroce.'

"The savate is a good game to let alone, as one must be both lucky and very fast to escape serious and perhaps permanent injury."

"I saw a big Saxon from 'perfidie Albion,' a good boxer, but slow, kicked in the stomach a few days ago by a little Parisian who did not weigh 140 pounds and they took the Englishman to the hospital. Talk about the projectile solar punches of the pre-Adamite Fitz makes one tired after seeing a Frenchman in a street fight insert his patent leather into his adversary's midriff. I would never have boxed Hanotaux had he not challenged a party of English and Americans at the Hotel Ritz cafe one night to produce any one who dared meet him. He would make le boxe, he averred, look like a centime in a sash. That he didn't do so was not his fault, and the Saxon from London who made good with le boxe was glad after it was all over that he was spared to see Angleterre and the Etats Unis again."

PONS TO WRESTLE ROEBER.

Paul Pons, the noted French wrestling expert, who claims the championship of Europe, arrived in this country last week for the avowed purpose of wresting Ernest Roeber for the championship. Pons is a well-known wrestler abroad. He has defeated many wrestlers of note in Europe during the past five years. He declares he has never been thrown.

According to Pons, he has victories over Bech Olsen, the Great Dane, who secured a fall from Ernest Roeber, the American champion; and Youssouf, the original "Terrible Turk."

Pons, who is a giant in physique, has just competed in the great European tournament held at Hamburg, and as he defeated all comers on the other side, he decided to come to America in quest of a match with Ernest Roeber, and the duels which might accrue from such a contest.

Roeber is the only man in the country who can give the foreigner a hard tussle, and as he is always willing to protect his title against the world, he will probably accept Pons' deft.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT TWAIN

CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS. Their lives and battles in the ring. Published separately in book form. Price by mail 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, New York.



CHARLES SEIGER OF HOBOKEN, N. J.

Claims the Lightweight Championship of Hudson County and is Open to Fight for It.

the termination of boxing in the Empire State and migrated to places where the sport was not restricted, are now enjoying the success which was due to the keen perception. They have been pretty steadily employed for the past month, and have matches enough booked ahead to assure them a supply of coal and hams for the winter at least. They have had to work for less money than they demanded when the game was flourishing in the East, but such of them who were disposed to be reasonable in their demands have had no cause for complaint. In cities like Philadelphia and Chicago where only six round bouts are permitted they get adequate pay for the amount of work performed, in view of the fact that long and rigorous courses of training are not requisite to success, and the expenses of maintaining a retinue of attendants at a training camp are proportionately reduced. Denver and Detroit have become fruitful fields of labor, and several Eastern fighters who have journeyed there to keep professional engagements speak in the highest terms of the treatment accorded to them. Fifteen rounds are per-

OVER 1,000 RECIPES

In the "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," Handomely bound and copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or sent by mail to any address for 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

friends insist that Roeber not only failed to throw Olsen within the time limit in the first bout, but that in their second meeting the Dane gave Roeber a fair fall. Roeber claims to have met Olsen on September 16 only, and to have forced the Dane to quit after twenty-six minutes. The terms of the match called for Roeber to throw Olsen within thirty minutes, and Roeber said that he punished the Dane so badly that he crawled through the ropes and would not continue the match. Roeber denies emphatically that there was a second match and showed a large gold medal as proof of his victory over his opponent.

Notwithstanding Roeber's denials, Olsen's friends insist that a second contest did take place on Sept. 23, and the police would only allow one fall, instead of a two-out-of-three falls bout. The first bout was such a rough-and-tumble affair each man was forced to deposit \$5,000, which was to be forfeited if the rules were broken. After twenty-five minutes' wrestling, according to the Danish papers, Olsen threw Roeber, and, of course, got the decision.

Roeber's defense is that he was in Paris at the time this second match is alleged to have taken place, and the only explanation he can give is that a "ringer" was substituted for him. Truly, the whole thing is perplexing.

SAM C. AUSTIN,

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Buffalo, N. Y.—House rules govern.

J. T., Chicago.—Which is the largest boat?....The steamship *Ossorio*.

H. F. T., Seattle, Wash.—There is no way of obtaining the information you desire.

J. J. H., Savannah, Ga.—We have no knowledge of his matrimonial affairs.

H. L. W., Peoria, Ill.—Did Joe Bernstein and Eddie Gardner ever fight?....They never fought.

J. K. C., North Platte, Neb.—Pleased with your suggestion, but cannot avail ourselves of the idea at present.

H. D., Auburn, N. Y.—Can I get a supplement of Steve Flanagan?....It was never used in supplement form.

JERRY LIONE, Stamford, Conn.—The United States rates higher than Italy among the naval powers of the world.

G. L. L., Florence, Ala.—Write to John L. Sullivan personally for this information. We will forward the letter.

F. L. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—In two hundred pinochle, if a man mends out has he got to take another trick?....No.

L. L., Chicago.—Who won the wrestling match between Ernest Roher and Hech Olsen in Copenhagen?....Roher claims to have won it.

J. F. H., Pittsburgh.—Was Dixon knocked out by McGovern or not?....He was not. His seconds threw up the sponge to prevent a knockout.

READER, Chicago.—Inform me the best way and quickest to locate James Jeffries?....A letter, care of the POLICE GAZETTE, will be forwarded.

J. A. G., Ann Arbor, Mich.—In a game of euchre, three-handed, A deals; B goes out, which leaves A and C to play. Whose deal is it next?....C deals.

J. B., Somerville, Mass.—I would like to address a letter to the Watch and Ward Society's headquarters and think you know where it should go?....Never heard of it.

J. J. L., Lorain, O.—Is this a tie in sixty-six? Suppose one man has 65 count and the other man gets the last trick, or 55 count, does either get a point?....No point.

E. L. R., Newark, N. J.—Can you tell me where Willie Tucker, formerly a bantamweight of Newark, at present resides?....Giving bag punching exhibitions in London.

A. P. B., Jacksonville, Fla.—Did Hugh McPaden, of Brooklyn, ever meet Frank Purcell? How long has McPaden been in the ring?....1. No. 2. Less than one year.

G. M., Chicago.—In playing a game of draw poker, five handed, three men have five cards, one man has four and one man has six. Is it a miscal or not?....No miscal.

W. J. G., Passaic, N. J.—A and B bet on a prize fight; A bets that his man will win and B bets he doesn't; the fight is declared a draw; who wins?....B wins on a technicality.

A. H., Fort Casey, Wash.—A four handed game of pedro, and everybody passes the bid; does the dealer have to bid, or can he bid as many as he wants to?....He can bid what he wants to.

E. F. W., Babylon, N. Y.—Playing pedro; A and B both one point to make; A dealing; B bids one; A refuses and names trump, and makes high, jack, game; B makes low. Who wins out?....A.

C. H., California, O.—A bets that McFoy was knocked out by Corbett in their last battle. Which wins?....A bets B that Corbett was knocked out by Fitzsimmons at Carson City?....1. A wins. 2. A loses.

—A, B and C play game of pinochle; B melds 60, but A and C get all the tricks; A and C bet that B loses his meld because he did not get any trick. Who is right?....Does B lose?....He does not lose.

A. H., Fort Casey, Wash.—Who is the lightweight champion of the world, and also welterweight? Who is the champion wrestler?....1. Lightweight, Frank Erne; welterweight, Matty Matthews. 2. At what weight?

T. W. B., Cincinnati, O.—A and B play a game of pinochle; A mentions 150 trumps first mention; A draws, catches queen of trumps and mentions 60 trumps; B bets it cannot be done.....Cannot do it.

H. B., Chattanooga, Tenn.—See answer to M. H., Chattanooga.

F. A. C., Concord, N. H.—A bets B that C gets the nomination to day; C withdraws; who wins?....Bet is a draw; neither had a chance to win or lose.

E. C. S., Butte, Mont.—A bet Jim Jeffries, who fought Gus Rohlin, is not Joe Jeffords, the Corinthian wrestler; who bets that he is; which wins?....Where was Jim Jeffords born?....Not the same Jeffords. 3. United States.

M. E. McG., Shawnee, O. T.—I have been informed that the famous Breckinridge-Pollard case is printed in book form. If so, will you let me know where I could get it?....It has never been printed for sale or general distribution.

READER, Hamburg, Ia.—I agree to pay B twenty cents for a shave if Bryan is elected, or nothing for said shave if McKinley wins. Is this an even bet or a 2 to 1 bet?....What's the ordinary price of a shave?....10 cents, then he bets 2 to 1.

M. F., Memphis, Tenn.—Was there ever a man walked 1000 miles in 1000 hours, walking one mile in each hour?....W. Gale, London, England, 1500 miles in 1000 consecutive hours, a mile and a half each hour, Aug. 26 to Oct. 6, 1877.

M. M. K., New York.—Five handed game of poker; dealer dealt cards out and two of the players had six cards; one of them threw away his cards without looking at them and claimed a miscal; the dealer claimed not. Which one is right?....Miscal.

W. J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—In a game of double pedro, the bidder wins if he makes his points or does he not?....The bidder had 48 points and the other party had 50 points, and the bidder made his points.....If non-bidder made high or low he goes out first.

W. T., Rochester, N. Y.—Inform me whether or not Jeffries received the decision over Sharkey in their last battle?....How was the decision received by the public?....Jeffries received decision at end of 25 rounds. General opinion was the decision should have been a draw.

J. C. EWELL, Winton, Minn.—In playing cribbage, four handed, A plays tr.; B plays troy (counting pair); C plays four; D plays none; A wishes to count run of three, which includes A's troy. Can C count run of three on last play?....No.

A. W., Modesto, Cal.—Four men playing casino, 60 points; A and B versus C and D; the former have 56 and the latter 54 points; A and B make little casino, spades and three seces; C and D make cards, 10 in 'no and one ace'; I claim A and B are out?....Is the dealer compelled to take the second card himself or put it on the board and deal to himself last?....1. Points count as follows: Big

customs; A opens; B raises; C raises; A reclaims; B stays; C reclaims; A raises; B stays; C stays; A stands pat; B draws two cards to three jacks; C draws one card to a four flush; after the draw A bets the limit; B drops; C raises and A calls; and finds he has overlooked his hand; instead of a straight he has two sevens; the four flush man (C) has two tens, and claims the pot; B objects, as A could not open it. Who wins?....Nobody. The opener must pay forfeit or penalty by putting up the amount of pot and play for it.

PATSY FALCON GETS PUNCHED.

Famous Omaha Referee's Decision Didn't Please the Spectators.

A delightfully interesting row took place at the Illinois Athletic Club, Chicago, on Oct. 19, and it took a dozen policemen to restore order. The row was precipitated by Referee Patsy Fallon, of Omaha, calling the fight between Clarence Forbes and Walter Bloom a draw after Forbes seemed to have the best of the contest.

When Fallon made his announcement Harry Forbes, a brother of Clarence, rushed at the Westerner and landed a vicious swing on his jaw. The latter grappled with Harry and Clarence rushed to his brother's assistance. The three were in a bad mix up, with Fallon getting decidedly the worst of it, when several policemen rescued him from the onslaught of the two bantamweights.

YANGER HAD A HARD TIME.

Tommy Sullivan Showed the "Dago" Expert a Few Points About the Game.

Tommy Sullivan, the little red-headed protege of Terry McGovern, who always insists on wearing green trunks to offset the effect of his lurid sky-piece, is rapidly earning a reputation for himself in the West as a fighter of no mean quality. At Chicago the other night he had for his opponent, Benny Yanger, a local lad who has achieved many victories, fought all the top-notchers and has championship aspirations of his own. They fought the usual six rounds, and at the finish of the journey there was no question as to who is the better man. Sullivan, according to a large majority of the ringsiders, won with something to spare, but Referee George Siler did not see it that way and allowed Yanger a draw.

It was a warm battle, a fitting climax to a night of exciting mills, several of which were not announced on the bills. Sullivan and Yanger have taken pattern after the king pin of their class, Terry McGovern, and they both proceeded to battle along the lines laid down by the illustrious Brooklyn boy. It was a body punching, rib smashing contest nine-tenths of the way, and at this game Sullivan was easily the master of the local lad. The latter's left is better

YOUNG JACKSON

WAS NO MATCH FOR

JIMMY HANDLER

Californian's Fistic Ability Has Been Overrated.

HE IS ONLY A SLUGGER.

Newark Lad Was All Over Him From First to Last.

Young Peter Jackson's debut in the East was not made under particularly encouraging circumstances. He fought Jimmy Handler of Newark at Philadelphia on Oct. 22 and was soundly whipped before the expiration of six rounds. The abilities of the newcomer have been extremely exaggerated and the fact was demonstrated that he has no claim whatever to justify the reputation which heralded his coming from the Pacific slope. He is a fighter of the bruiser type pure and simple. He possesses no science whatever, and depends upon his ability to withstand an unlimited amount of punishment to carry him the necessary number of rounds.

From first to last Handler was all over him, but made a mistake in attempting to put him out. In every round he caught him full on the jaw with terrific lefts, but seemingly they had no effect whatever. He is as much a glutton for punishment as Joe Walcott, but lacks the latter's skill and hitting powers.

Jackson was inclined to fight foul. All during the bout the referee was obliged to separate him from Handler repeatedly. Jackson's style makes him an easy man to reach with the left, but Handler tried for a knockout rather than being content with a continual jabbing.

Jackson is a one-handed fighter. In the entire six rounds he did not lead up his right half a dozen times. His left is his masterpiece, and there is little cleverness in this. In only one round, the fourth, did he reach Handler to any extent. In the third, fifth and sixth Handler had the negro groggy from the effects of his terrible punching, but could not make any impression in the way of a knockout.

The semi-windup between Owen Zeigler and Jack Bennett was the star event of the show. Both men fought hard every minute of the six rounds, with the McKeeport lad having the advantage. He put his left into Zeigler's face repeatedly, always following it up with a hard cross with the right. Zeigler also used his left to good effect, but they lacked the force that Bennett's possessed. It was Bennett's fight in every round.

CON McVEY IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

Corbett's Famous Second Displays a Weakness for Biting Men's Ears.

After the important part which big Con McVey took in putting a stop to the Corbett-Sharkey fight at the Lenox Athletic Club in New York city on November 1, 1898, it was thought he had earned his retirement from public gaze, but his penchant for biting off other men's ears has brought him into prominence again. It will be remembered that he jumped into the ring and broke up the fight just as Corbett was on the point of collapse. Sharkey's seconds claimed foul and the referee took cognizance of McVey's action and awarded the honors to the Sailor. It was openly stated at the time that Corbett was cognizant of McVey's intentions, and the whole thing was premeditated and arranged to prevent Corbett being knocked out. Little if anything has been heard about McVey until the other day when he was "agged" on a charge of mayhem and held under \$1,000 bail to answer for the offense.

McVey is a big, powerful fellow, weighing more than two hundred pounds. The man who appeared against him is Thomas Clinton, a porter in the Herald Square Hotel of New York city. Compared with McVey he is a pygmy.

Clinton said that McVey and two other men were standing in front of the hotel when a poorly dressed man passed them. He did not look like a tramp. He was stopped by the prize fighter and his friends and asked if he "wanted a job." He answered "yes" eagerly. McVey told him to go into the hotel where he would get work as a porter.

Clinton overheard this misleading information, and intercepted the man as he started into the corridor.

"I told him," said Clinton in court, "that if he went inside he would only be put out; that as he was so poorly dressed he would be taken for a tramp. He went away."

"I went back in the hotel and McVey followed me in. He struck me at with all his might. I dodged and the blow landed on my chest. Then McVey threw himself on me and bit me on the left ear."

Magistrate Cornell leaned forward and looked at Clinton's lacerated ear.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, with great vehemence, "that this great hulk hit you on the ear and left that mark?"

"That's what he did, sir."

"Then," said Magistrate Cornell, "I'll hold him in \$1,000 for examination to-morrow on a charge of mayhem. And I want you to push this thing through. Don't be scared off by his friends. I want you to stick it out. See to it that you and your witnesses are here to-morrow."

McGOVERN AND BERNSTEIN.

Will Meet in Louisville and an Interesting Fight Expected.

The sporting men of Louisville, Ky., are to be congratulated upon the opportunity that will present itself on Nov. 2 to see little Terry McGovern in the ring. His opponent will be Joe Bernstein of New York. The arrangements for the match were completed in Cincinnati a week ago and both men are on the battle ground ready for the fray. The fight is to be for a purse of \$5,500 at catch weights.

McGovern has been in training for the contest with his trainer, Danny Dougherty, the Philadelphia bantamweight. He will take light exercise from now on. At present the little champion is in good condition, but he will not neglect his training, as he considers Bernstein one of the toughest propositions in the ring to-day.

Bernstein and McGovern once fought a twenty-five-round draw. Bernstein is the only man that ever stood that long before Terry.

Speaking of the match the other night, Manager Harris said: "This fellow Bernstein is an awfully hard man to whip. He is as strong as a bar of iron, and can take a lot of punishment. He is very fast on his feet, and I predict a great fight when he meets McGovern."

Ed Rueter will return to Louisville to get things in shape for the contest. The Nonpareil Club has worked hard to secure this great pair of boxers, and deserves success for its enterprise.

AUTHENTIC RECORDS

Athletic, Aquatic, Bicycle, Baseball, Turf and Pugilistic Records complete in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1900. Price 10 cents. All newsdealers, or direct from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

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merely a question of whether the chances of making an individual straight flush are greater than the chances of making a royal flush?....The percentage against drawing a straight flush is 64.99% to 1. Against any special one, a royal for instance, of course the odds are infinitely greater.

J. B., North Adams, Mass.—Is there any record of the fastest time between Boston and San Francisco?....No authentic record. —B bets L that if he lives in Indiana and works in Chicago and goes home once a week to his family in Indiana he claims he can vote in either State and B said he cannot vote at all?....B loses. If his residence is in Indiana, he must vote there. To vote in Illinois he must have a residence of one year in the State.

—Gardner, Mass.—A and B sit down to play poker; A has four seces; B has a straight flush; who wins?....If we play flushes best three of a kind is it necessary to specify that four ace beat straight flushes before starting to play?....1. B wins. 2. If that's the way you play, yes.

C. F. W., New York.—Draw poker, single handed; it was a jack pot; I dealt six cards instead of five; my opponent only picked up five of the six cards dealt him, and said he opened the pot; I claimed a miscal. Was I right or wrong?....I also had six cards and picked them up. He claimed the pot. I bet him \$25 to \$5 that I was right?....You are right.

J. M. D., Houston, Tex.—A, B, C and D playing Jackpot poker; A opens the pot; B passes; C and D stay; all draw cards; A bets a stack; D draws one card, failed to help; checks his hand quick and plays over a bet without a hand. Is his money dead?....Jackpot poker, A and B in a pot; A bets; B calls. When the call was made B says "Count the deck," and they found one card out. Is this a draw pot or not?....1. Yes. 2. No.

J. O., Pittston, Pa.—Poker game, all jackpots, rules general

Fighters and Their Records

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FREDY MOLONEY is the FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE PACIFIC COAST.



CAVALRYMEN IN CUBA.

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NOW AT CIEGO DE AVILA, CUBA.



A SPORTING CIGAR MAKER.

HOW TED KLEFFMAN HAS DECORATED A CORNER OF HIS FATHER'S
PLACE AT 173 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.



Photo by Laroge, St. Louis, Mo.

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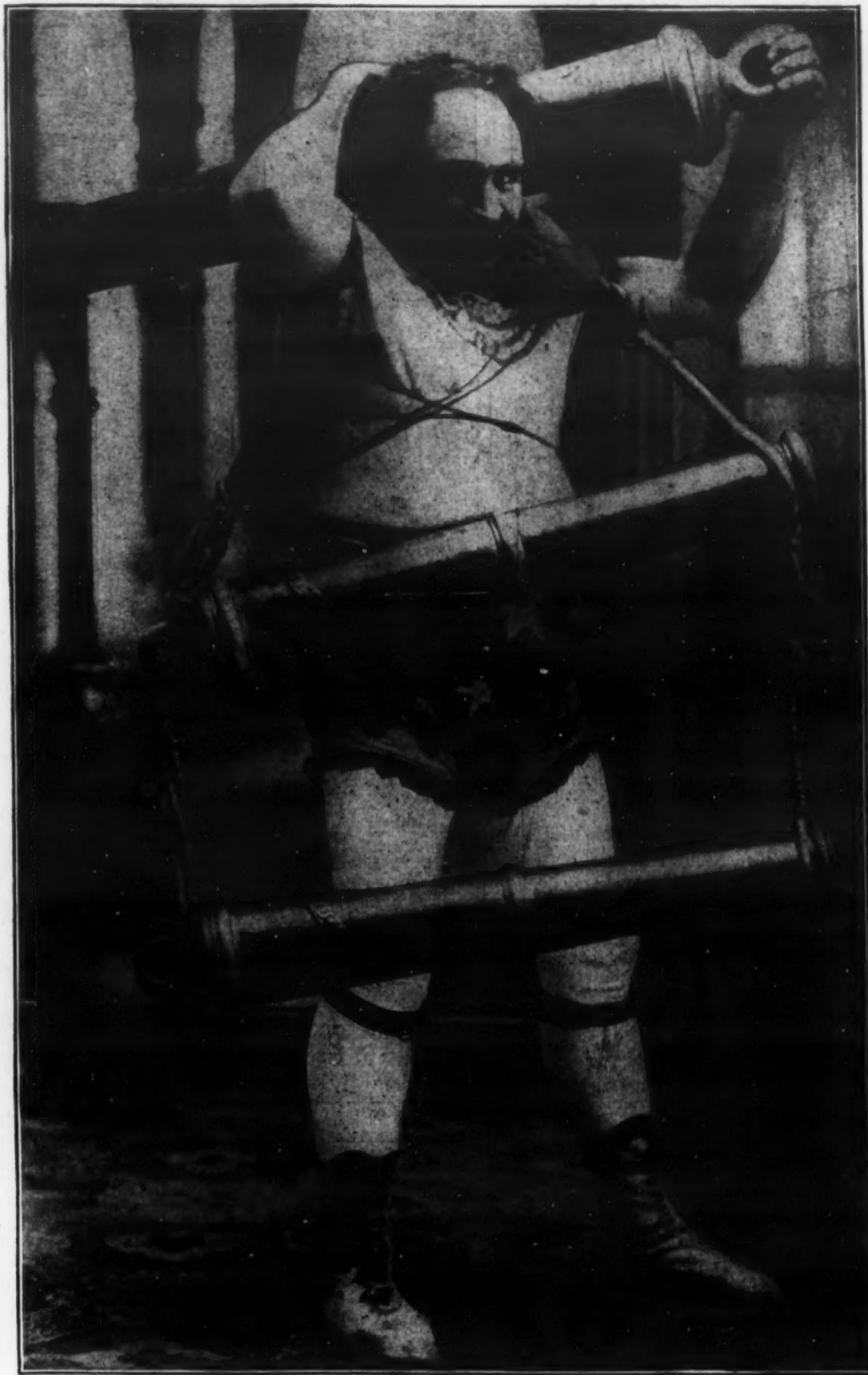
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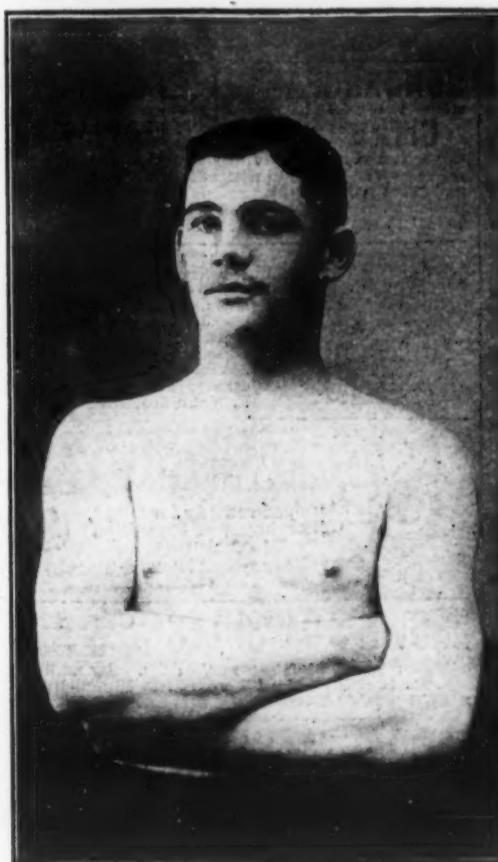
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A BLANDBURG, PA., BOXER WHO HAS FOUGHT SOME STURDY BATTLES IN THE RING.



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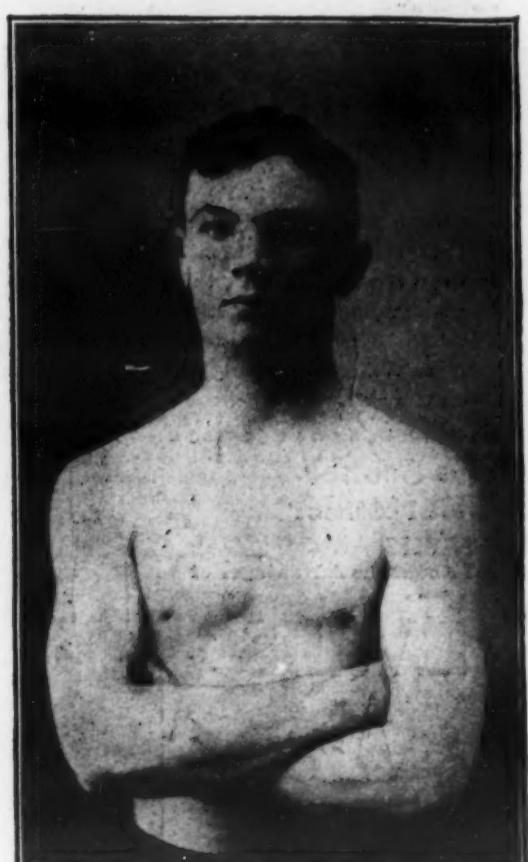


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POLICE GAZETTE TONSorialists

Thomas Alfano, Popular Barber of Brooklyn, N. Y.



Thomas Alfano, who is employed at 171 Sackett street, Brooklyn, is one of the most popular barbers in the City of Churches, and is well known for his musical talent. He is a great admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE and it can always be found on file wherever he is employed.

TONSorial NOTES.

William Fabian is the genial proprietor of the Trenton House Barber Shop at 23 E. Hanover street.

Max Ipp, who owns a barber shop at 23 N. Warren street, Trenton, N. J., is very popular with the statesmen.

F. H. Leist, who owns a fine barber shop at 513 Sixth avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., is also the proprietor of an establishment devoted to the manufacture of human hair goods at 430 Greenfield avenue.

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"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

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The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have been debilitated by age, or disease, I would advise to exercise their judgment and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, and all sexual diseases. You may naturally have faith in it now but wear it for 30 days and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you on trial. Write to-day for illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope. Prof. A. Chrystal, Inventor, 1553 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.

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Thousands of ladies and gents are anxious to marry. Many rich. Big sealed list with address and photos. 2c. Lewis Agency, Box 227, Oak Park, Ill.

10,000 ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED. Many rich. Big lists with pictures and addresses FREE. THE PILOT, 1, Marion E. Chicago.

MARRY

ANY GENTLEMAN willing to MARRY a girl, should apply to the MARY ANN OLIMAX OFFICE, CHICAGO.

Was it Gracie's fault? Illustrated Sensational book 10c. Orient Pub. Co., (A), Waterville, Maine.

CHARLES SELIGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Seliger, of Hoboken, N. J., claims that he is entitled to recognition as the champion lightweight boxer of Hudson county, and a long record of victories over good men seems to justify his right to be so regarded. He is a clever two-handed fighter and a game man in the ring.

GIRL STUDENTS AS BARBERS.

How a Clever Quartet Are Working Their Way Through College.

Four enterprising young women with a surplus of ingenuity and indifference to what acquaintances may say of a seemingly incongruous vocation have organized a unique plan of working their way through the University of Chicago. It is the establishment of a tonsorial parlor for the accommodation of the young women students at the university. The originators of the project are unwilling to have their names mentioned.

The young women are dependent on their own resources to earn money sufficient to defray their expenses. Most of the 1,000 girl students at the university have been in the habit of visiting hair dressing establishments in the city. The quartet decided that they will apply for the trade. At first they will visit the rooms of the students, but a little later it is planned to fit up a shop on the campus.

GRAPPLING WITH THE BURGLAR.

Woman of Jacksonville, Fla., Shoots a Dusky Intruder.

One of the prominent women of Jacksonville, Fla., had a sensational encounter with a professional negro burglar the other night, and fired three times at him as he escaped in the trail of his own blood. The plucky little woman is the toast of the city to-day.

It was shortly before midnight when the woman, who was in the house with only her servant, heard a strange noise in the kitchen, and immediately went to make an investigation. Upon entering the kitchen she was confronted by the burglar. The fellow dashed by her and ran into the main part of the house, where she found him in hiding. She then grappled with him. The odds were against the woman, and the big fellow soon broke away from her.

She then got her pistol and started in pursuit of the robber, who dashed through a window and, though wounded by one or more bullets, made his escape.

TOMMY FELTZ BEAT LEWIS.

Wilmington, Del., was the scene of an interesting encounter on October 23, in which Tommy Felz, of Brooklyn, worsted Tommy Lewis, of Hartford, Conn., in the eighth round. The men were to have fought fifteen rounds, but it was evident at the start that Lewis would not stay long. The first two rounds were uneventful. In the third round Felz drew first blood and Lewis retaliated in the fifth. There was hard fighting in the fourth and fifth rounds. Lewis grew weak in the sixth round, but seemed to have recovered at the beginning of the seventh.

In the middle of the eighth round he went down before a left swing on the jaw and remained prostrate until the referee had counted ten. Then he sprung to his feet and, to avoid further punishment, and to the disgust of 500 spectators, left the ring. The referee requested him to continue the fight, but he declined, after which the decision was given to Felz.

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

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Cures all forms of Sexual Weakness in men. Sexual Weakness is a loss of paroxysm or absence of the nerves and blood vessels, and requires LOCAL treatment. This instrument causes the blood to freely circulate in the shrunken veins, giving nourishment, life and energy to the nerves and muscles, causing renewed strength and giving growth and development if deficient. It differs from all other instruments in construction and the principle on which it works, AND UNLIKE ALL OTHERS IS NO TROUBLE TO USE. It will do exactly as advertised and is just what we claim, "A Marvelous Invention." Its price is as low as a perfect instrument can be sold for, \$5.00 each, cash with order. No C. O. D. We ask the attention of physicians as we believe we have the only known method to cure this most difficult complaint. If you will put aside the natural distrust you feel of all advertised remedies and will read our circular, which is sent free in plain envelope, the reasons why this instrument makes remarkable cures will be plain to you at once and you will be convinced we are offering a genuine remedy. It is simple, scientific and practical. The Cameron Co., 352 Pearl St., New York.

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I now offer my new appliance, the Dr. Sanden Herculex Electric Belt, on free trial, not one cent to be paid in advance or on deposit. Used at night it cures while you sleep, sending a pleasant current of electricity through the system. Recommended for

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Supplement to POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1212, Saturday, November 10, 1900.



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